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## EDITORIAL COMMENT

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*To the Editor of THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW of 2015:*

SIR,—Kindly accept from us to you greetings—and pass them on, please, to the Editor of 2115, with a suggestion that he do likewise.

We are, sir, etc.

### TO AMERICA CONCERNING ENGLAND

BY WILLIAM WATSON

Art thou her child, born in the proud midday  
Of her large soul's abundance and excess?  
Her daughter and her mightiest heritress.  
Dowered with her thoughts, and lit on Thy great way  
By her great lamps that shine and fail not? Yes!  
And at this thunderous hour of struggle and stress  
Hither across the ocean wilderness  
What word comes frozen on the frozen spray?  
Neutrality! The tiger from his den. . . .  
Springs at Thy mother's throat. And canst thou now  
Watch with a stranger's gaze? So be it then.  
Thy loss is more than hers; for, bruised and torn,  
She shall yet live without Thine aid, and thou  
Without the crown divine thou mightst have worn!

We would not deny, William, that we art indeed her child, but turn we pray to thy history of the episode, and thou wilt learn it was no twilight sleep. "The tiger from his den?" The Hessian tiger! Aye, we mindst him well, as well we mayst, for didst not he spring at struggling daughter's throat in the proud midday, at noble mother's bidding, that he might reap of her large soul's abundance and excess? Better begone, William, with thy bygones which we long since forgave and wouldst in sooth forget; else, listen, William! we mightst be less neutral than we art. And keepest, thou, thy baubles; we like not crowns nor even kings divine. 'Twas thus in the proud midday which you mention, William, and we guess it ever shalt be, world without end, amen.

President Wilson might have said most aptly to Congress what President Washington said to the Senate in 1789:

We are conscious that the prosperity of each state is unseparably connected with the welfare of all, and that in promoting the latter we shall effectually advance the former. In full persuasion of this truth, it shall be our invariable aim to divest ourselves of local prejudices and attachments, and to view the great assemblages and communities committed to our charge with an equal eye.

Thus supported by a firm trust in the Great Arbiter of the Universe, aided by the collected wisdom of the Union, and imploring the divine benediction on our joint exertions in the service of our country, I readily engage with you in the arduous but pleasing task of attempting to make a nation happy.

Again in 1790:

The disturbed situation of Europe and particularly the critical posture of the great maritime powers, whilst it ought to make us the more thankful for the general peace and security enjoyed by the United States, reminds us at the same time of the circumspection with which it becomes us to preserve these blessings. It requires also that we should not overlook the tendency of a war, and even of preparations for a war, among the nations most concerned in active commerce with this country, to abridge the means, and thereby at least enhance the price, of transporting its valuable productions to their proper markets. I recommend it to your serious reflection how far and in what modes it may be expedient to guard against embarrassments from these contingencies by such encouragements to our own navigation as will render our commerce and agriculture less dependent on foreign bottoms, which may fail us in the very moments most interesting to both of these great objects.

And in 1795:

If by prudence and moderation on every side the extinguishment of all the causes of external discord which have heretofore menaced our tranquillity, on terms compatible with our national rights and honor, shall be the happy result, how firm and precious a foundation will have been laid for accelerating, maturing, and establishing the prosperity of our country.

In 1796, too:

When we advert to the internal situation of the United States we deem it equally natural and becoming to compare the present period with that immediately antecedent to the operation of the Government, and to contrast it with the calamities in which the state of war still involves several of the European nations, as the reflections deduced from both tend to justify as well as to excite a warmer admiration of our free Constitution, and to exalt our minds to a more fervent and grateful sense of piety toward Almighty God for the beneficence of His providence, by which its administration has been hitherto so remarkably distinguished.

Europe has a set of primary interests which to us have none or a very remote relation. Hence she must be engaged in frequent controversies, the

causes of which are essentially foreign to our concern. Hence, therefore, it must be unwise in us to implicate ourselves by artificial ties in the ordinary vicissitudes of her politics, or the ordinary combinations and collisions of her friendships or enmities. Our detached and distant situation invites and enables us to pursue a different course. If we remain one people, under an efficient government, the period is not far off when we may defy material injury from external annoyance; when we may take such an attitude as will cause the neutrality we may at any time resolve upon to be scrupulously respected; when belligerent nations, under the impossibility of making acquisitions upon us, will not lightly hazard the giving us provocation; when we may choose peace or war, as our interest, guided by justice, shall counsel.

He might also have quoted from President Jefferson's Second Inaugural in 1804:

In the transaction of your foreign affairs we have endeavored to cultivate the friendship of all nations, and especially of those with which we have the most important relations. We have done them justice on all occasions, favored where favor was lawful, and cherished mutual interests and intercourse on fair and equal terms. We are firmly convinced, and we act on that conviction, that with nations, as with individuals, our interests soundly calculated will ever be found inseparable from our moral duties, and history bears witness to the fact that a just nation is trusted on its word when recourse is had to armaments and wars to bridle others.

And his Proclamation in 1807:

During the wars which for some time have unhappily prevailed among the powers of Europe the United States of America, firm in their principles of peace, have endeavored, by justice, by a regular discharge of all their national and social duties, and by every friendly office their situation has admitted, to maintain with all the belligerents their accustomed relations of friendship, hospitality, and commercial intercourse. Taking no part in the questions which animate these powers against each other, nor permitting themselves to entertain a wish but for the restoration of general peace, they have observed with good faith the neutrality they assumed, and they believe that no instance of a departure from its duties can be justly imputed to them by any nation.

And, best of all, perhaps, from President Madison in 1809:

I forbear to call the attention of the Legislature to any matters not particularly urgent.

In point of fact, these are the very things that he did say, although in language quite as different as it was his own; thus proving again the fidelity to Virginian tradition and thought of all Virginian Presidents.

But *The Argonaut* will venture the guess that either Justice Hughes, Senator Borah, or Ambassador Herrick will be chosen by the Republicans of the

country to head their ticket in 1916. The strongest man of the three, speaking personally and fundamentally, is Borah.—*San Francisco Argonaut*.

Of course; as Col. John Temple Graves remarks in the William-Randolph-Hearst papers:

Fully as strong, if not stronger than Mann with the Republicans of Congress is their great Senator Borah, of Idaho. There are many on both sides of the chamber who look upon Borah as the ideal Senator. A great constitutional lawyer, a magnificent debater, rugged, fearless, and as honest a man as ever sat in Republican councils, the Senator from Idaho holds a place in public life that any man may envy. He is a sound statesman rather than a partisan, and when he speaks the Senate and the country listen.

The Borah advocates recognize that his small northwestern State is a handicap to his strength, but they urge that his fine national character and repute would offset all territorial limitations. His temporary association with the Roosevelt Progressives has been fully redeemed by the fact that he was practically the pioneer in leading the Progressive thousands back to the ranks of the regular organization. There can be no sure forecast of Republican nominees for 1916 that omits Borah and Mann. Here at least their names lead all the rest.

Or, as we ourselves were sufficiently temerous to hazard, away back in March, 1913:

#### A PREDICTION

We predict to-day [March 8, 1913] that the next Republican candidate for President of the United States will be William E. Borah, of Idaho.

And, going a step further, in December, 1913:

Charles S. Whitman—a likely candidate for Governor. And if elected? Borah and Whitman, should we say?

Yet ah! why should they know their fate,  
Since sorrow never comes too late,  
And happiness too swiftly flies?  
Thought would destroy their paradise.  
No more; where ignorance is bliss,  
'Tis folly to be wise.

Ignorance ceases to be bliss when a Texas journal—the *Houston Post*—prints things like this:

Secretary Garrison and Secretary Bryan are not altogether agreed as to what constitutes adequate national defense for this peace-loving country. "Every nation," says the former, "must have adequate force to protect itself from domestic insurrections, to enforce its laws, and to repel invasions—that is, every nation that has similar characteristics to those of a self-respecting man." These considerations, he insists, should determine the size of the

country's military establishment. Hence his recommendation for an increase in the size and effectiveness of the regular army. He is unable to conceive, he says, how "a reasonable, prudent, patriotic man" can reach the conclusion that military preparation for these purposes can be characterized as "militarism." Secretary Garrison is from New England. He is not a sentimentalist or a jingo. He loves peace, but he is well aware that there are nations not so much in love with the idea as this nation when they think that war will serve their purposes of aggrandizement better.

Both Colonel R. M. Johnston, proprietor, and Mr. George Bailey, editor, must know that declarations such as this serve only to confuse the mind of true Democracy. Secretary Bryan and Secretary Garrison—in fact, all members of the Cabinet—are in perfect accord; they have to be. Moreover, Mr. Garrison is not "from New England"; he is from New Jersey, the temporary abode of President Wilson, and the home of the Honorable James E. Martine, no less than of the formerly Honorable James Smith, Jr.

Senator Harry Lane took the home folks into his confidence when he returned to Oregon from Washington, saying, breezily:

A bird's-eye view of the Senate shows there are a few highly intelligent men, but the bulk are just common, ordinary, average muts. They are the same sort that you find in the Council, in the Legislature, or on the street, but every one is "the distinguished gentleman from Oregon," or whatever state it is. That "distinguished gentleman" stuff is Senatorial courtesy. In Washington, just the same, a Senator is some pumpkins. His card takes him anywhere, and when he flashes his card every one jumps. He sends in his card and the President sees him while the other people wait. He offers his card in a department, and there is an upheaval to assist him.

With my old slouch-hat I had a hard job making any one think I was a "distinguished gentleman" at first, and I still have that trouble. I went into a department and I was passed up like a white chip. No clerk was too low to give me a moment's attention.

Then I poked my card at one of them and instantly things began to happen. It was like a bunch of rats running for a piece of cheese. Every man Jack in the department wanted to do something for me, from the head of the department down to the smallest office-boy. They even forgave me for wearing a slouch-hat. That gives some idea of how a Senator is regarded—you see, they are afraid that if they offend a Senator he will cut down the appropriation for their department or may have them canned.

I guess I don't look like a Senator. Senators, as a rule, don't wear plug-hats, and many wear slouch-hats; but I have a sneaking idea that they don't approve of the style of slouch-hat which we wear on the Coast—maybe we are a bit behind the times in head-gear. Anyway, the first five days I was a Senator they shooed me away from the Capitol, and I had to use the public entrance and elevators instead of those reserved for Senators.

Nevertheless, the Senator "discovered this—the Senate with all its uppishness and hot air is nearer to the people than the House of

Representatives, and getting closer all the time"—a statement, whose credibility, we have to confess, is strengthened immeasurably by his own sprightly candor.

The world-wide reputation which Mr. Henry Cabot Lodge acquired some years ago as the Editor of this REVIEW he is now regaining as the Father-in-law of the Honorable Augustus Peabody Gardner, M. C. It is interesting, therefore, to note the following conversation as reported by Dr. St. Clair McKelway in the *Brooklyn Eagle*:

"You read the newspapers, don't you?" asked Mr. Gardner.

"Certainly," replied Senator Lodge.

"Do you read them thoroughly?"

"I believe I do."

"Did you ever hear of Connie Mack?" inquired Mr. Gardner.

"Connie Mack?" repeated Mr. Lodge.

"Yes, Connie Mack."

"You mean Norman Mack, don't you?"

"I do not. I mean Connie Mack."

"I do not think I ever heard of him," replied Mr. Lodge, after a period of thought.

"And still you assert that you read the newspapers thoroughly," remarked Mr. Gardner.

"But who is Connie Mack?" inquired the Senator.

"He is a person," declared Mr. Gardner, impressively, "who is probably better known to several millions of American citizens than Henry Cabot Lodge."

Although characteristically disrespectful, if not, indeed, positively unfilial on the part of Augustus Peabody, we may not deny the approximate accuracy of his assertion. As a strategist Mr. Connie Mack is the Admiral Mahan of the diamond, and is, moreover, undoubtedly more widely though hardly "better" known to millions than the distinguished Senator; but in retentiveness of memory we suspect the statesman excels. Who could have dreamed, for example, of his remembering Mr. Norman Mack? True, the name was familiar during the long period of Republican administration, but has anybody heard it since the Democratic party came into power? Not to our knowledge, nor, apparently, to his or the President's.

Ambassador Gerard informs the State Department that there is practically an unlimited market for cotton in Germany, as the mills there are working full time to meet the needs of the army and civilians for various cotton manufactures. The ambassador states that the price for the staple in that country ranges from thirteen to eighteen cents per pound after allowing two cents for insurance, freight, and other charges. Stocks are running low, and it is estimated that 2,000,000 bales could find a market there.—*Houston Post*.

In other words, we have cotton to sell to folks who want to buy; but England won't let us.

An especially happy achievement of Count von Bernstorff is that he succeeded during a visit to William Randolph Hearst, the American newspaper king, in capturing this sovereign and over six hundred American newspapers for the German cause. To capture Hearst is equivalent to a battle won.—*Vossische Zeitung*.

Won? yes; but by whom? Humbly but firmly we suggest that our professional brother, Dr. Ludwig Stein, seek illumination from His Excellency the Honorable James Wadsworth Gerard, who continues to reside, much to his disgust, just around the corner.

Competition for the position of meanest man is always open to new entries.—*Hartford Courant*.

Not so! The entries are closed. Dr. Charles Hopkins Clark wins when he says, deliberately:

Senator Martine, turning his back on President Wilson and opposing his nominations, raises the question again how keen is a serpent's tooth.

The whole country knows—he very well knows it himself—that, but for Dr. Woodrow Wilson, he never would have been a Senator.

None knows better than the aged but enlightened editor of the *Hartford Courant* that serpents are not endowed with teeth. That Mr. Martine might not have become a Senator "but for Dr. Woodrow Wilson" may be conceded, but the vital fact should never be overlooked that he was designated, not as a Person, not even as a Patriot, but as a Principle. And such he continues with somewhat irritating persistence to be.

We read in the *New York Times*:

NEWTON, N. J., Dec. 20.—Charles Ashford Shafer, Sussex County's oldest resident, will celebrate his one-hundred-and-second birthday at the home of his son, George Shafer, at 181 Main Street, on Tuesday. Mr. Shafer is still active, hale, and hearty, and walks several miles each day. He was born a few miles from here, and has spent all his life in this section. For many years he conducted a distillery. The centenarian declares that chewing tobacco is a means of preventing disease, and he has been chewing it since a boy. Mr. Shafer reads without the aid of glasses.

That is surely a ripe old age—two years older than we are. A Democrat of course; Sussex County, "conductor of distillery," masticator of Mr. Thomas F. Ryan's life-prolonging products, etc., etc. Good old man! May he live long and partake of Secretary Redfield's prosperity while reading with zest and "without glasses" the speeches of the Honorable Richard Pearson Hobson.

Our attention has been called to a paragraph, which, frankly, escaped notice at the time of reading the sermon. It is as follows:

There is another matter of which I must make special mention, if I am to discharge my conscience, lest it should escape your attention.



Do you call that up to standard? We do not credit it. Is the President really going to "discharge his conscience"? Perish the thought.—*Hartford Courant*.

This is silly. How could the President discharge his conscience? He cannot even discharge Josephus.

The *Courant* of No Account—Right but not Worthy of Consideration—*Headline in the "Hartford Courant" over a quotation from this REVIEW.*

Not so! Rather let us say, not always right, but invariably worthy of most distinguished consideration. To Charles Hopkins Clark, a true Yankee journalist, able, interesting, venerable; upon this, his 150th birthday, greetings from our own humble adolescence of a mere century of fleeting years.

Jefferson M. Levy has agreed to sell Monticello to the Government for \$500,000.—*Houston Post*.

Quite likely; but it takes two to strike a bargain; and the energetic Mrs. Littleton is not yet the Government, even when upheld by Mr. Bryan. Let us have done with this nonsense! The place is worth about \$100,000. If the worshipers of Thomas Jefferson wish to preserve it as a memorial, let them buy it and pay for it, as the admirers of George Washington did in like instance with Mount Vernon. But the Government? Never! Else presently we shall be confronted with appropriation bills for the purchase of every Presidential domicile in sight, from the barn of Rutherford B. Hayes to the woodshed on Sagamore Hill.

The *Courier-Journal* gives it to the Republicans straight that they have no chance of electing a President in 1916.—*Louisville Courier-Journal*.

Colonel Watterson already sees Justice Hughes defeated by President Wilson in the race for President in 1916.—*Brooklyn Eagle*.

What a Grand Old Man he is!

From the *Congressional Record* of December 15:

Mr. REED.—Mr. President, I have no desire to be pestiferous or troublesome.

How extraordinary a statement!

Epitomized by Tommy Atkins:

First you 'ears a 'ell of a noise, and then the nurse says, "Try and drink a little of this."

Good sport, that! Like polo, shall we say?